

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Prize Winners' Names and Their Essays

As you know, prize winners' names have not been printed on your page since May 30. They and the medallists for May and June, which were given out at your reunion on Wednesday last, appear in their usual places to-day, along with the prize winners of this week.

The prize essays in the contest of the American National Bank are also printed to-day, so that this is a real prize winners' page, and the letters for this week are omitted to give the place of honor to successful contestants. They will appear next week as usual.

As I am asking the letter writers to be unselfish, I must prove so myself by not taking up room to be used to their advantage. Therefore I will only say further that I am sure you will agree with me in thinking we had a great reunion and in hoping that its inspiration will help us forward in our work for the next year.

YOUR EDITOR.

T. D. C. C. Prize Winners

All club members present at the T. D. C. C. reunion on Wednesday, the 16th, witnessed or heard with pleasure the awarding of four medals to Miss Blanche Anthony, of Highland, Va.; Miss Jessie Mosley, of Richmond; Ryland S. Blakey, of Richmond; and William Poage, of Pulaski, Va.

Prize winners of the club, as announced at that time, were Charles T. Farish, John Green and Miss Nickelt Johnson, of Richmond; Miss Anna S. Craddock, of Manbourn; Miss Katherine P. Withers, of Roanoke, Gloucester county; and Julius B. Powell, of Roanoke, N. C.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS ARE
Arthur H. Richardson, Blauville, Va.
Landon Perdue, Chester, Va.
Miss Marie M. Howard, Fredericksburg, Va.

Prizes in Essay Contest

The prizes given in the "How to Save" essay contest of the American National Bank were also awarded, to the great pleasure of recipients and their friends, at the children's reunion on June 16. The names of girls and boys who were winners in this contest follow, and the four leading essays are also published. Certainly this is prize winners' page.

RICHMOND WINNERS.
Ruth Stewart, Gustave Peple, Jr., Juliet Anderson, W. Sanford Beazley, Essie T. Cox, Emma Garch, Harry Glass, Mildred Calise, Emily Patterson, Katie Gilliam, Annie E. Johnson, Harrison Don Killebrew, Pearly Lowry, Louis A. McDaniel, John H. Plunkett, Edmund Rucker, Florence Walker.

OUT-OF-TOWN WINNERS.
William Hugh Bagby, Stevensville, Va.; Nora T. Leary, Portsmouth; Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas; Julia Campbell, King William Courthouse; James S. Robinson, Skyron, Va.; Dorothy C. Ingram, Crewe; Evelyn E. Phillips, Chase City; Watkins B. Davis, Whitby, Va.; Helen P. Finch, Suffolk; Sally Cary Finch, Suffolk; Judith Ingram, Crewe; M. F. Floyd, Suffolk; Isabelle Reidelbach, Buckner's, Va.; Nellie J. Rogers, Kemp, Va.; Edna May Wilkinson, Tretton, Va.; Ralph Chapman, Crewe, Va.; Lucile Bridges, Bridges, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.
Anthony, Blanche Marks, Maurica Brooks, Lavina Nash, Edwin Leaffie Brown, Marian F. Payne, Carr Bluff, Rosa Payne, W. O. Blaker, Ryland A. Britton, Hattie E. Powell, Bartlett Calloway, P. W. Cordes, August Cooke, Otella Pryle, Rachel Carter, Melva Poage, Willie Coleman, Nellie K. Doughty, Floyd Richmond, L. Daniel, M. M. Ranson, Lyla V. Farish, Charles T. Reidelbach, R. Farish, Susie Reynolds, Lucile Glass, Emma Stewart, R. D. J. Scherer, Florence Garcia, Lynn Sampson, Luther Goldman, M. A. Sampson, William Harris, Thelma Tucker, Persia Tyler, Robert D. Ingram, Judith Trice, Matilda F. Iry, Rebekah Wilkins, M. B. Kennedy, Alice Wickizer, Elizabeth King, Pearl Wilson, Elsie Lesla, Vera Webb, Susie Lewis, Gay B. Wright, Louise Martin, Minnie Waring, Lucy C. McSorley, Bessie Weaver, Lillian McGhee, Mary Marks, Deborah

A GOOD FRIEND.
Hello there, Mr. Trouble, Come right on in a while. I want to introduce you to my friend Mr. Smile. I'm sure he wants to see you. Because I heard him say That he had lots of kind words And smiles to give away.

So step in, Mr. Trouble, And make yourself at home, And aid us in our struggle To help the world along. What! You are seeking sorrow? Well, I have none to lend. I'm sorry I can't help you, But Mr. Smile's my friend.

OUR PICNIC.
Not long ago I went on a picnic with three girls, two jades and one boy. We left home about four o'clock. We got on the car at North Avenue and rode to first Street, then we got on a car and rode out to the Reservoir. After getting there we found a shady place for our picnic. Then we took a nice walk. After getting back we made some lemonade. We played games until ten minutes past 6. Then we had supper. It was just grand. We had a regular picnic supper—meat and butter sandwich, lemonade, etc.

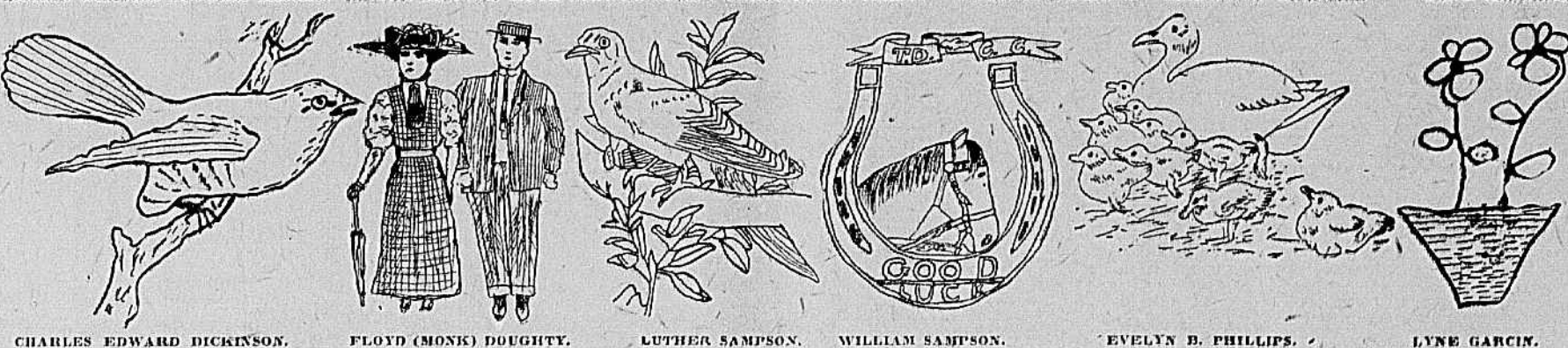
After supper we went in Jollidown and walked around there until it was time to go home. We came home the same way we went, which took us about half an hour. We reached home about 8 o'clock after a delightful evening.

GAY B. LEWIS.
Hanover C. H., Va.

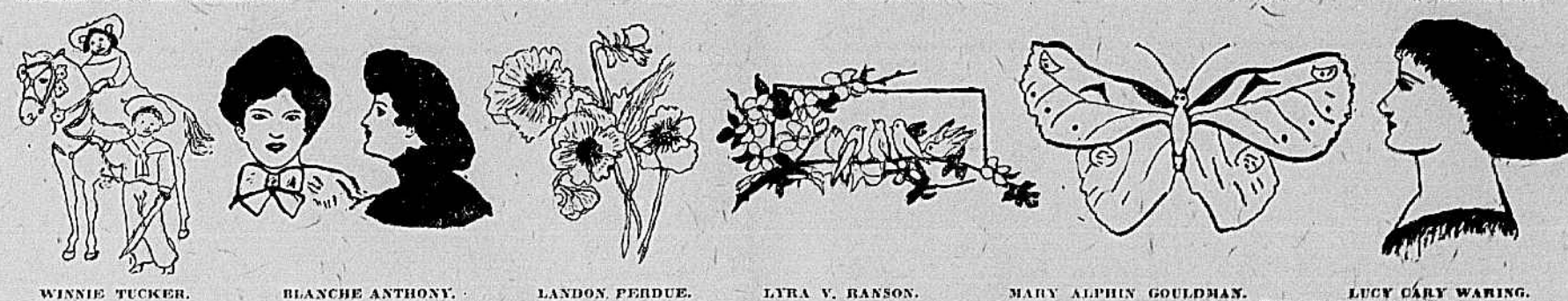
THE ANGEL AND THE PANSY.
A modest little purple flower once



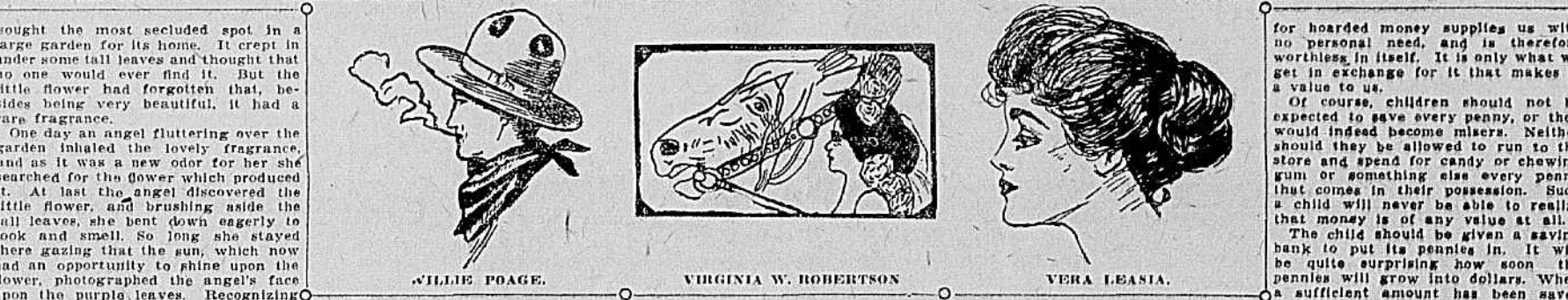
LILLIAN WEAVER, LUVENIA BROOKS, HATTIE BRITTON, RUTH STEWART, FIRST PRIZE, EDGAR TERRY, CHARLES T. FARISH, ELIZABETH WICKIZER, ALICE KENNEDY.



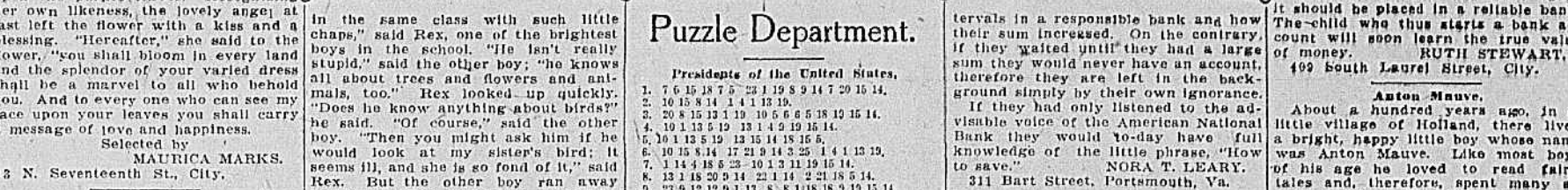
CHARLES EDWARD DICKINSON, FLOYD (MONK) DOUGHTY, LUTHER SAMPSON, WILLIAM SAMPSON, EVELYN B. PHILLIPS, LYLE GARCIN.



WINNIE TUCKER, BLANCHE ANTHONY, LANDON PERDUE, LILA V. RANSON, MARY ALPHIN GOULDMAN, LUCY CARY WARING.



WILLIE POAGE, VIRGINIA W. ROBERTSON, VERA LEASIA.



THE NAMING OF THE WALLFLOWER.

Why this flower is now called so, I don't know, but you shall know. Understand this first thing: I was once a bristly and bony lass. Kept as close as Danaus was. Who a sprightly sprigal loved; And to have it fully proved, Up she got upon the wall. Tumbling down to slide withal; But the silken twist untied, So she fell, bruised, and died. Jove! in pity of the deed, And her loving, luckless speed, Turned her to this plant we call Now "the flower of the wall."

Selected by BESSIE MCSORLEY, 8 S. Morris, St., City.

A RAINY DAY.
"Is it raining? Oh, dear! I wanted to go out and play. I wish it would not rain!"

"Listen," said Mama, "the grass is burned and brown. Trees and shrubs are covered with dust. All the little pools in which the birds drink are dried up. The flowers are withering. All this and many other sad things would keep on if this little girl could have her way. How is it now? Every thing is washed fresh and clean. The grass is getting greener every minute. Everything looks glad. The flowers are smiling and the birds chirping. Perhaps if they could speak they would say: 'We are all thankful for the beautiful rain.'"

Composed by EDWIN LESTER WASH, School P. O., Va.

THE FOUNTAIN.
Into the sunshine, Full of the light, Leaping and flashing From morn till night! Into the moonlight, Whiter than snow, Waving so flower-like When the winds blow! Into the starlight, Rushing in spray, Happy at midnight, Happy by day! Ever in motion, Blue-smeared and cheery, Still climbing heavenward, Never weary!

Composed by ANNIE H. H. PAYNE, Columbia Va.

MY PETS.
I have a dog. His name is Horn, but he will not come by any other name but Pups. He is nine years old.

Composed by ALICE PERKINS, (Age nine).

THE SICK BIRD.
"He is the stupidest boy in the whole school. He ought to be ashamed to be

in the same class with such little chaps," said Rex, one of the brightest boys in the school. "He isn't really stupid," said the other boy, "he knows all about trees and flowers and animals, too." Rex looked up quickly. "Does he know anything about birds?" he said. "Of course," said the other boy. "Then you might ask him if he would look at my sister's bird; it seems ill, and she is so fond of it," said Rex. But the other boy ran away laughing. "You called him stupid," he said. "You had better ask him yourself." Rex did not like to ask, for he had called George Drayton stupid many and many a time. When he reached home, however, he found his sister crying over her sick pet, so he set out with the cage. George seemed to be surprised to see Rex, but he looked at the bird at once. He took it out of the cage and it perched on his finger. Then he fetched some food and left the bird. "You are clever," said Rex. "The bird wouldn't eat at home. I'll never call you stupid again," George smiled. "But I am stupid at lessons," he said.

BARTLETT POWELL, 200 Fourth Ave., Chestnut Hill, Richmond, Va.

P. S.—I hope this will be published.

A HUNGRY BIRD.
CHAPTER II.
The rabbit hopped about in the kitchen all the forenoon. He was glad the baby was gone. He hopped and he leaped for joy. In the afternoon he was hungry. He hopped out into the shed. His mistress had forgotten him. He was lonesome and hungry when he awoke next morning. He hopped again into all the corners. He hopped out into the shed to look once more. But no, he could find no bread there. Then he hopped through into the sitting room, but there was no breakfast there. He saw another door open. It was open wide, but he pushed through into the parlor, where he never had been before. He saw something in this room that made him glad. He saw breakfast. His mistress had forgotten him. The floor was covered with green leaves and flowers. They looked fresh and tender. The rabbit thought he was in a garden. He must have thought so, for when his mistress came home at night, she found the rabbit had gnawed the leaves and flowers of the parlor carpet. She gave the rabbit away and bought a new carpet. Please remember to leave something for your pets to eat when you go away from home. They want their regular meals as much as you do, and they suffer from hunger just as much as you would.

Please do not forget this. RYLAND A. BLAKEY, 208 West Grace Street, Richmond.

MARY'S ACCIDENT.
Mary was a little girl who lived in the country. One day her mother sent her to get a bucket of water. As she went to get it she fell in. Her mother had just stepped outside to see what made her stay so long, when she heard Mary. She got someone to help her and got Mary out. She never sent Mary to get water any more.

LOUISE WRIGHT, 2000 Venable Street, Richmond.

Puzzle Department.

Presidents of the United States.

1. 7 6 15 18 7 5 23 19 9 3 14 7 20 15 14.
2. 10 15 14 1 1 12 19.
3. 20 15 12 1 19 10 6 6 5 38 12 15 14.
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25. 10 16 14 20 25 12 15 12.

Composed by CHAS. T. FARISH, 1425 West Cary Street, City.

MY CAT.
On a rainy afternoon in August of last year I heard some little kittens crying, so I asked my aunt to go out and help me find them. She did so, and we found two little kittens lying in a pan of water almost drowned. We took them in and made a soft bed for them in a box; they were soon warm, and we tried to make them eat, but they could not eat, so in a week they were a little water and milk; but after a while one of them died. I kept the other one, which is black and white. I named him Jim. He is a very playful cat, but he is cross and loves to steal, whether you are in the room or out of it.

Composed by MARIAN F. BROWN, 15 Pine Street, Petersburg, Pa.

HOW TO SAVE.
Thousands of years ago (the Bible tells us) that Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's dream that the people ought to save things in the good years for the bad ones. We all ought to save our money, so when we get big we will have enough money to go into some business or to buy a home, and the best way to save our money is to get a little bank and put all of our pennies in it, and when we get enough money to get interest take it down to the American National Bank and get the man to put it in for us, and while more money is added to it we can be saving still. Birds, animals, and even insects, show us that we ought to save, because they store away food in the summer for the winter. Every boy or girl could save some money if they would only try.

GUSTAVE PEPLER, JR., 5 South First Street, Richmond.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.
First, make your money. For a boy it is apt to come slowly, and so it is important to remember that "many mickles make a muckle."

My plan is to put my nickles and dimes in a small bank furnished me by the American National Bank, and when I have accumulated as much as a dollar I then send it to the bank and the money earns interest and helps to increase my store.

One of the great difficulties about saving money is that we see so many things we want, so we must learn not to spend money for things that we can well do without. Let us try always remember.

"Pond pride of dress is sure a curse, Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

WILLIAM HUGH BAGBY, Stevensville, King and Queen County.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.
Every child should be taught to save money as a necessary part of education. Not to hoard it, though,

for hoarded money supplies us with no personal need, and is therefore worthless in itself. It is only what we get in exchange for it that makes it a value to us.

Of course, children should not be expected to save every penny, or they would indeed become misers. Neither should they be allowed to run to the store and spend for candy or chewing gum or something else every penny that comes in their possession. Such a child will never be able to realize that money is of any value at all.

The child should be given a saving bank to put its pennies in. It will be quite surprising how soon the pennies will grow into dollars. When a sufficient amount has been saved it should be placed in a reliable bank. The child who thus starts a bank account will soon learn the true value of money.

RUTH STEWART, 492 South Laurel Street, City.

ANTON, THE HERMIT.
Anton, the hermit, has a home A little ways from town. He never has been seen to roam, But keeps to his own ground.

At evening when the sun is low Those that are passing by Can hear Aaron a cornet blow, It starts so soft a sigh.

And those that hear his weird notes They stop, their faces turn pale, Their voices die within their throats And, standing still, they quail.

The notes they swell upon the air And echo far and near; They, trembling, seem to linger there And die so soft and clear.

He starts as soft as a sigh, But louder slowly plays; His notes they reach up to the sky And there cease on their ways.

When he has ended his weird song Those that have heard it sigh: They do not move, but stand still long As if of grief they would die.

They never can forget that song, It haunts them night and day; The music runs forever on, No matter where they stay.

Composed by AUGUST H. CORDES, 937 West Grace Street, City.

RUTH AND LILLIE.
Ruth and Lillie had no home, One day when they were wandering away they met a lady. The lady asked them where they were going. Ruth, the oldest, said: "We are hunting for a home." The lady replied: "Come with me, dear, and I will give you a home." The little girls said joyfully: "Oh, thank you, my kind lady!" The lady said: "My name is Mrs. Harley. Mrs. Harley took the girls to her home and gave them a servant to wait on them. They were happy till Mrs. Harley died, and then they were sad for many days. After Mrs. Harley died her daughter came home. They had peaceful and happy years there. Composed by FATTY W. CALLAWAY, Norwood, Va.

My Cat.
My cat is black and white; She catches mice and rats all right; My cat is white and black; She will run when you give her a whack.

Your member, RUTH STEWART INGRAM, Age 8 years, Crewe, Va., R. F. D. No. 2.

THE RED PEOPLE.
Several hundred years ago there were no white people in the United States. Where we now find cities, farms, towns and roads, there were dense forests and wide rolling meadows. The people who lived here were called Indians. They had red skins, straight black hair and dark eyes. They were very strong and brave. They spent all their time hunting, fishing and fighting. The women had to do all the work. These Indians lived in tents or wigwams. They were made with poles and skins of animals. There are many Indians in the Western part of our country now. Composed by RUBIE FARISH, Buckner, Va.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.
Once there was a little mouse who was running over the face of a sleepy lion in a trap. The mouse saw the lion in a trap and said: "Are you the lion who was so kind to me?" The lion said: "Yes, and so the mouse gnawed the ropes and the lion was set free. The lion learned that small friends may become great ones. Composed by REBECCA K. COOPER, Buckner, Va.

A TRIP TO THE RIVER.
(A True Story.)
A crowd of us went to the river on Whit Monday in a farm wagon. Just as soon as we got there we ate our lunch on the old picnic grounds. It was about 12 o'clock then, and after we finished eating our lunch we went bathing, and a little later we went boating. We had a very nice time. All of us were a little wet except two, and they were soaking wet. Not many fish did we catch, but for us it was always ready to go fishing. Composed by OSALIE REIDELBACH, Buckner, Va.

PLEASANT TIMES IN THE COUNTRY.
There are many ways to have pleasant times in the country. In the fall of the year you can take long walks and enjoy the weather and gather nuts. In winter you can skate or ride on the sleigh. During the pleasant spring months you can enjoy the wonderful gifts of nature and listen to the sweet songs of the birds. In summer we can attend picnics and lawn parties, and with now and then a ride or drive we can have as nice a time as anybody. Composed by JUDITH INGRAM, Crewe, Va., R. F. D. No. 2.

A BRIGHT SPRING DAY.
At the end of our school, as we were not going to have a commencement, we decided to have a picnic down on the banks of an old mill, which was about three miles away. When the morning of the day that we were to go came we all assembled at a large grove near an old man's house, from whom we had rented two wagons and horses. In one we put the dinner and a great many watermelons; we got in the other one. The day was fine, the sun shining beautifully, not a cloud in the sky, just enough breeze stirring to keep the atmosphere pleasant, and an ideal day for a picnic. We arrived at the mill about 10 o'clock, and got down from the wagon. Some of us had our fishing lines; we put them up and then shot some frogs; others, who did not care to watch the sport, wandered around in the woods picking wild flowers. We had not been fishing long when one of us caught a nice large perch. After a while one of the girls' corks bobbed up, and then she pulled it straight down. She pulled with all her strength, and landed an eel on a girl's head that was standing by. She was so frightened that she nearly fainted, and would not go near the water again. Pretty soon we went to dinner, and after that we ate watermelons, which we enjoyed hugely. We spent the evening fishing, and as there were some boats farther down on the pond we got in them and rowed up and down the pond until we were tired. About sunset we got back home, and hoped that we might soon have another picnic and have as nice a time. Written by JAMES B. POWELL, Roxobel, N. C.